

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

VOLUME XXXIX.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1883.

NUMBER 50.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

HENRY R. WEST,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE West Side of Main Street, two
doors North of the Public Square.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.00
One copy, six months, .75
One copy, three months, .50
One copy, one month, .25
Outside of Monroe County, add
postage 1st, 1882, postage paid
by the Publisher--\$2 in advance.
Subscriptions can be commenced at any
time.

Advertising Rates:
One square, (11 1/2 lines), one week, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion for five weeks, .40
One square, two months, .80
One square, three months, .75
One square, six months, .60
One square, one year, .50
One eighth column, one month, .50
One eighth column, three months, .40
One eighth column, six months, .30
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Local advertisements charged at the rate
of one dollar per square for first insertion, and
fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrative or Executive, Attachment
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Local Notices, per line, first insertion, 10
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WM. OKEY & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Will practice in Monroe and adjoining coun-
ties. Office south of Public Square, formerly
occupied by Hollister & Okey. mh14/82.

A. J. PEARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office over Ketterer & Hoffman's store, S. W.
corner of Public Square. Nov. 11, 79-1r

WILLIAM H. COOK,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office over Ketterer & Hoffman's store, S. W.
corner of Public Square. Nov. 11, 79-1r

G. W. HAMILTON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office over Pope & Castle's Drug Store.
Will practice in Monroe and other counties.
at 17/82.

James Watson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

MASTER COMMISSIONER,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Jasper Lisk,
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WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
NEW MATANORAS, OHIO.

Office in May's building. apr3/80ms

W. S. WILEY,
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
(Office up stairs in Court House.)
NEW MATANORAS, WEST VA.
Jan23/79r.

SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
And Claim Agents,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office--Up stairs in Court House.
apr26/74.

W. F. HUNTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office--Southwest corner Public Square
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining
counties. apr28/74r.

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Trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for
the United States and to obtain pat-
ents in Canada, England, France,
Germany, and all other countries.
Thirty-six years' practice. No
charge for examination of models or draw-
ings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are held in the
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has
the largest circulation, and is the most influ-
ential newspaper of its kind published in the
world. The advantages of such a notice every
patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated news-
paper published WEEKLY at \$1.50 a year,
and is admitted to be the best paper devoted
to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering
works, and other departments of industrial
progress, published in any country. Single
copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all news-
dealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Sci-
entific American, 231 Broadway, New York.
Handbook about patents mailed free.

\$5 to \$200 a day at home. Samples worth
\$5 to \$200 a day. Address Spriggs & Co.,
Portland, Maine. mh23/82r.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. DENNIE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.

Office in the Armstrong property.
apr30/78r.

DR. J. J. WAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
ELM COVE, Washington Tp, Monroe
County, Ohio.

All calls promptly attended to, during the
day or night. feb23/69.

DR. JAMES A. MCCOY,
DENTIST,
(Formerly of Cincinnati and New York.)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Makes regular visits to
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Antioch, Grayville, Lebanon, Stafford, Calais,
and Lewisville. See local notices and posters
for each trip. All work fully guaranteed.
First class in every particular. 1711/82.

I. P. FARQUHAR, M. D.,
(Formerly of Kansasville, Ohio.)
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in the Walton property,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Having located at the above place, offers his
Professional services, where he hopes by
close attention to business to merit public
confidence and patronage.

Chronic Diseases will receive special
attention. may4/76r.

Fine Art Marble Works,
JOHN M. EBERLE, Proprietor.
Miltonsburg, O.

DEALER IN
FINE GRANITE
MONUMENTS

Of all kinds. Also manufacturer of Monu-
ments, Tombstones, etc., of both
Italian and American Marble,
which he will sell at prices that
defy competition.

Selling Granite is no experiment with me.
I have been handling it so extensively this
season, and competition so severe, that it
was necessary to make

Special Arrangements
for selling it. Parties buying of me or of
my agent, SIMON J. DORE, Woodsfield,
Ohio, can secure work 25 or 30 per
cent cheaper than elsewhere.

Designs and Estimates Furnished
on application. Mr. Eberle is the builder of
the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Beil-
sire, Ohio. aug1/82r.

FURNITURE.

FULL STOCK

FURNITURE

Chas Menkel's

BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.

As cheap as can be bought at Wheeling, Beil-
sire, or anywhere else. All kinds of

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Bed Lounges,
Tables, Chairs, Safes, Looking Glasses, Win-
dow Curtains, Chromes, Brackets, Racks, etc.
All kinds of

REPAIRING

done, and Pictures neatly Framed
nov8/81r.

IMMENSE STOCK

FURNITURE!

HEBLING & STOEHR'S,
MAIN STREET,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Extra inducements to customers in the way of
GOOD GOODS FOR LOW PRICES
and as cheap as the cheapest.

Wardrobes, Chairs, Tables, Bu-
reaux, Bedsteads, Looking
Glasses, Hat Racks, Picture
Frames,
And everything else in the Furniture Line.

Pictures Framed to Order,
IN BEST OF STYLE.

UNDERTAKING

Promptly and carefully attended to. All
kinds of Undertaking done always on hand,
consisting of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and
Burial Robes of all sizes. dec27/81.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

BY PHIGES CARY.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.

An old rat said, "There's danger--
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense," said the other.
"I don't think you know!"

So he walked in boldly;
Nobody is sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.

Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Owing money fast there
"Come he didn't think."

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't eat the old ones
Where to go or stay.

Said she, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run around alone!"

Off she went; but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.

So she made a supper
For a very young chick,
"Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think."

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.

"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree!"

"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."

Down he flew, and kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to think
"Oh! he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?

Can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
When began their thinking
That when it was too late?

Don't think there's always safety,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows
Who has gone before.

When you're warned offrain,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think."

Poetry.

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SELECT STORY.

FOUND AT LAST.

"I will take this one," said Gertrude
de Veau when she had made her selection
from a pile of Easter cards on the
counter. "Don't you think it is pretty,
Aunt Julia?"

Mrs. Horton put on her glasses and
examined the card with a critical eye.
"Very pretty," was her answer, to
which she added after a moment's pause,
"and very suggestive!"

"You do not think it is too broadly
suggestive?" she asked somewhat anx-
iously for she meant to send the card to
Warren Clyde.

"Not at all!" Mrs. Horton answered.
"It is just the thing. I desire, if this
young sailor don't look for all the world
like the lieutenant?"

"Don't be so sure!" said the moment
I looked at the card. You can't see the
girl's face very well, but--"

"There's where the suggestion lies,"
said Mrs. Horton with a significant
smile. "The girl is happy thought, my
dear; I hope you won't let him slip
through your fingers, for he is decidedly
the best catch of the season."

"I should say so!" Miss Gertrude an-
swered warmly. "He is rich as can be,
and nice in every other particular--a
beauty!"

"You must manage it, my dear," said
Mrs. Horton with emphasis.

"I don't think we are far from a hap-
py denouement," Miss Gertrude ob-
served laughingly. "I have an eye to the
man a chance, Aunt Julia."

"I am glad you are so sensible," was
Mrs. Horton's reply as they left the store
together. "There are few girls who ap-
preciate the importance of such con-
siderations."

The conversation ended here, for as
the ladies stepped out on the sidewalk,
one of Miss Gertrude's admirers met
them and they joined the crowd of prom-
enaders.

The following Saturday--it was the
Saturday before Easter--Warren Clyde
was seated in his library before an open
fire, in a misty train of retro-
spective thought.

A servant had just brought him the
mail and among his letters he had found
an illuminated Easter card, sealed in a
cream laid envelope, and addressed in
Miss de Veau's graceful hand-writing.

"Just like her," Warren murmured as
he proceeded to open the envelope in a
leisurely fashion with an ivory paper
knife. "She always does the conven-
tional thing--loses Miss Gertrude!"

It was a little singular to hear him
speak in that way, inasmuch as he had
all but made up his mind to ask Miss de
Veau to marry him. But then Warren
Clyde was different from most men of
his age, and the romance of his life had
died years ago.

The ghost of it came back to him,
though, as he drew the Easter card from
its cover. For a moment his cheek
glowed like a girl's; a deep flush mount-
ed to his close-cropped yellow hair and
then left him as pale as death.

His eyes wandered from the beautiful
card before him to the bed of glowing
coals upon the hearth, out of which sweet
visions of the past seemed to be gently
rising.

Once more he was a simple sailor, who
knew and loved the fairest girl in Halli-
cote--Sybil Vincy. They had been play-
mates together, but had been separated
during all the years that Warren had
spent at the naval academy.

After his graduation they had met
and Warren found his childish
love for Sybil fast changing into a deeper
and stronger passion. But she was
the daughter of a great shipowner, rich
and famous, while he was a humble fel-
low, poor and prosoplectic.

It had been one of his whims, how-
ever to set aside the conventional con-
fession upon him by the academy, and to
enlist with a body of marines, and from
whose ranks he had determined to rise
by his own exertions.

After he had met Sybil Vincy he wish-
ed that he had not been so rash, for, as a
naval officer, he might have made some
pretensions to her favor. But it was
too late to repeat the step he had taken,
and he must wait for advancement to
press his suit.

Meanwhile, the high sense of honor
which had always been a trait of his
character, led him to feel that he would
love her, but he would not bind her
by the slightest promise--or even by the
slender ties of a confession to one whose
future was so obscured by uncertainty.

So he never even told her of what
was in his heart, though she must have
seen it a hundred times shining through
his eyes.

They had parted with friendly words--
nothing more; but hope was strong in
Warren's heart, and he bore himself like a
hero.

During the rebellion his gallant ser-
vice would in the end have secured him
an admiralty, but he had not been given
his commission as lieutenant ere he lost
his arm in an engagement and was
obliged to retire.

Happily for the disabled young officer
at this critical juncture, a distant rela-
tive bequeathed to him the whole of a
large fortune, and he was enabled to
possess himself of it within his grasp.

His thoughts at once reverted to Sybil,
whom he hoped now to win for his wife;
but she no longer lived in Hallicote,
with a joyous heart he learned that she
had never married; but concerning her
present whereabouts he could find nothing.

Mr. Vincy had lost heavily on several
Government contracts for vessels, and
before the close of the war every vestige
of his fortune had been swept away. He
was one of those men to whom financial
ruin comes as a fatal blow, and death
followed it.

Sybil's mother had been dead for
years, and the young girl was left abso-
lutely alone. After her father's death
she had gone away from Hallicote--one
she knew.

It became Warren's sacred purpose to
find her, and for two years he had
devoted himself to searching for
her; but he had not the slightest clue
he was baffled in every attempt, and had
gradually been forced to relinquish the
sweetest dream of his life.

He was thirty-five years old now, and
single, and the years of his life were an
empty. He had not forgotten Sybil, but
he was to him as one of the dead, and
his love was such a hopeless passion that
he hoped to forget it in a brilliant mar-
riage--perhaps with Miss Gertrude de
Veau.

All these things came floating back to
his mind, and for two years he had
held the Easter card before him.

It had been just at this time that he
had parted from Sybil; and he remem-
bered the day and the circum-
stances.

She had been in the little Hallicote
chapel where he had been married, and
it was a fair April day, and she was
busy preparing the altar for the Easter
service.

She had told him that she was to en-
perish the decorations, and when he
went to say good-bye to her he had taken
with him a rustic cross of his own man-
ufacture, which he had twisted with hives
and with passion flowers.

It seemed like yesterday that he had
stood before her and seen the pleased
look on her sweet face as he held his
offer of love for her to admire.

And what did it mean? As he sat
there before the glowing fire he came
back to him with more distinctness than
a recollection. It was reproduced on
the pretty card Miss de Veau had sent
him.

It may have been only a coincidence,
he thought as his heart gave a bound of
joy, but he was sure that it was not.
The card was of a pale green, and
dove of stained glass through which the
rainbow colored light fell on Sybil's
beautiful hair, and the white fluted col-
umns of the altar. There was the mar-
ble foot bath in pure rose-color, and
the pile of flowers at Sybil's feet, and
the shining before him in his sailor-clothes,
holding up the cross with a look of in-
terrogation. That was he--yes! And
it must be Sybil! He said so, though
the girl's face was turned aside, and only
a shadowy glimpse of her profile was
discernible.

It was a beautiful picture, Warren
said that at a glance; but who was the
artist? It must be some one who had
known Sybil, some one who had wit-
nessed their parting that Easter tide.

The thoughts and suggestions that
crowded Warren's brain seemed to set
on fire. He rose and paced the room
with a feeling of awe. A hundred
emotions which he had thought were
dead and buried were thronging back to
his heart at this touch upon the harp
string of memory.

Ah, Miss Gertrude de Veau, your se-
lection was peculiarly fortunate.

When the hands of the clock were
pointing to eleven Warren had put on
his overcoat and was ready to go out.

The Easter card was in his vest pocket,
but in a memorandum book which he
carried in his hand was written the name
and address of the firm which had re-
produced so exactly this scene from his
unforgotten past.

"Can you tell me, sir," Warren asked
of the senior partner, "who is the au-
thor of this design? I have taken a
fancy to it, and would like to know the
artist's name."

"Oh," was the prompt reply, that is
one of our prize cards. It was drawn
by Mr. Temple."

Somehow Warren's heart sunk at this
response.

He had not known himself of all the
hopes which he had cherished, and the

name of Mr. Temple struck him like a
bolt.

"Have you his address?" he asked
slowly.

"I can get it for you," the gentleman
answered. "Our cashier has it, but he
is out at present."

"Will you do me the favor of sending
it to me as soon as possible?"

"Certainly, sir."

So Warren turned his steps home-
ward, his heart filled with a deep un-
controllable sadness.

It was evening when a messenger-boy
brought him the card which Miss de Veau
had hoped would stop for her on Easter
morning, there came only a basket of
flowers, "with Lieutenant Clyde's com-
pliments and best wishes for a happy
Easter."

So it happened that instead of the
handsome escort which Miss de Veau
had hoped would stop for her on Easter
morning, there came only a basket of
flowers, "with Lieutenant Clyde's com-
pliments and best wishes for a happy
Easter."

While Miss Gertrude was kneeling
over the altar, brooding upon the lieu-
tenant's non-appearance, Warren was
making his way in an impatient mood
to No. 1--Gilliam court.

It was an obscure and odious street;
but, in the clear sunlight, he detected
far off the sign of a guided palette, on
which the name of Francis Temple was
painted in bold letters.

Upstairs he went, and knocked at a
door on which the same name appeared
over the simple word, "Studio."

In a moment he was admitted by a
white-haired man, who stopped a great
deal, and walked with an effort.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Temple," Warren
said pleasantly.

"What did you say, sir?" the old man
inquired. "Excuse me, but I am very
deaf."

"I wish to see Mr. Temple," Warren
repeated in a louder tone.

"Wait a moment," the old man said,
with a friendly smile. "My grand-
daughter will see you."

At that instant a side door opened,
and a lady entered the room.

It seemed to Warren Clyde that the
gates of heaven had opened, for it was
Sybil Vincy who stood before him in
the same beautiful dress that he had
made her his ideal in early boyhood.

She seemed hardly a day older, though
she was a stately woman of twenty-eight.
For a moment they stood gazing at
each other in speechless astonishment,
then with one bound Warren reached
her side.

"At last, my love, at last!" he cried
exultantly, and clasped her to his heart.

"Warren--Warren Clyde!" she mur-
mured, "is it really you?"

"Sybil, my darling!" he cried, beside
himself with joy, "where have you been
hiding these years? I have been look-
ing for you everywhere. Oh, my love,
my little sweetheart! I have searched
for you so long!"

"I never knew it," she answered, "I
thought you did not care for me; for
how was I to know?"

"Not care for you?" he said passion-
ately. "Sybil, I have loved you all ways
I can never love any one but you, my
darling. Tell me quickly--promise me,
dear, after all these years of separation,
you will not send me away! Will you
marry me, dearest?"